



Spam Email



humor

clown

death

352 28 27

Chapter 1 by intellikat

Compare burial insurance quotes here, it said, so I opened the link.

Chapter 2 by LuxCh3rry



My computer crashed, "SERIOUSLY?!"
I wacked the computer and it glitched back on.
"Ah, here it is.." I clicked the link again

Chapter 3 by Nivriti Agaram



Without warning, a head popped up on the screen, a severed, clown's head. It boomed, "La la la al alamakajwipchdf03r;ygf3wbjefco;quwehbfcdwefui23b!!!!" I didn't know what to do. I thought it was a virus, so I tried to delete the tab, but the clown's face just kept on getting bigger every time I pressed the red, x button.

Chapter 4 by Nivriti Agaram



I kept on pressing and pressing and pressing and pressing until my computer screen exploded

My swivel chair was pushed to the back of the room, the display wall. As a picture of an old friend, a friend who died in the clown's face, the clown climb out of the computer screen.

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Chapter 5 by Jonas Sularik



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I told the clown head to remain calm and put it back inside the broken computer screen. I was pissed. The screens today can't even last through one spam e-mail. I have to buy a new one again. And what's worse, clown heads are getting ruder and ruder. They used to be polite, they just knocked on the door when they wanted to borrow a bulldozer for their party. But this one made me destroy my screen and can't even keep quiet for a minute, he just keeps on rambling about his math test.

Chapter 6 by Tomáš Stolárik



Then I died. I really don't know how, but when I got to heaven I asked them about the spam e-mail and they looked horrified. They told me it was a mistake, they wanted to kill the spammer, not the spammed person. They told me I could go back, but I was still a ghost. So I decided to remain at least for a while and used the computer in heaven to investigate the spammer and his connection to the clown heads.

Chapter 7 by LethalPianist



But the people in heaven ended up killing the spammer too. So I never did find out about the connection to the clown heads. Which is just as well. I'm not sure I wanted to know.

So now I spend my free time as a ghost patrolling the Net, looking for spammers and haunting them until they stop spamming or commit suicide.

They usually commit suicide.

Chapter 8 by Kalil Warren



One day surfing the web, I stumbled upon this extraordinary spammer. He's name was Ronald McDonald, one of the worlds biggest clown that spams the world with McDonald's advertisements. This was my chance the haunt of my life.

Coming Soon in Spam Email Part Two!

the end

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